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W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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Cincinnati's Nickname.

The nickname of Porkopolis is of English origin and was the brilliant inspiration of a sponsor who never saw Cincinnati. In the year 1825 there flourished in the Queen City a gentleman named Jones. He was the president of the United States Branch Bank and was locally known as "Bank Jones." The pork trade had already taken such proportions as to rouse the financial enthusiasm of Bank Jones, and in a succession of letters he dilated upon the pork prospects of the Queen City. The letters were addressed to the Liverpool correspondent of the Cincinnati bank, and this gentleman's imagination at length became fired by Bank Jones' enthusiasm. In a moment of wild generosity he bled him to the studio of some Liverpoolian Thorywadden and ordered the construction of what is set down in the annals as "a unique pair of model hogs." These noble effigies were made of papier-mache and were sent out to Cincinnati as a present, accompanied by the inscription—destined in part at least to become famous—"To Mr. George W. Jones, as the worthy representative of *Porkopolis*." The hogs have still a local habitation and a name. They add to the burden of life in the office of one of the largest "slaughterers" of Cincinnati, having passed by inheritance from Bank Jones down, from hand to hand, among the pork monarchs of Porkopolis, for nigh upon half a century.—[Olive Logan, in Harper's Magazine.]

This is the way Dr. Woods, of the Bowling Green Gazette, kept intact that heavy hirestake top knot of his: One of the most effectual preventives against hair shedding, so common to some heads, as well as the very best remedy against excessive and rapid dandruff accumulation, is a once-or-twice-a-week washing of the scalp with pure castile soap and rain or cistern water the temperature of summer rain. Wash early in the morning when first rising, then dry the head by brisk, vigorous friction, and you will not only escape any danger of catching cold, but you will have a soft, clean head of hair and a scalp as clean as a lovely woman's neck after a Sunday morning's bath.

Hester Stuart writes of the old maid: "Her days are days of pleasantness and her nights are nights of peace. She goes to bed when she pleases and does not leave one ear uncovered to listen for the uncertain steps and wavering night-key of a late coming husband. Neither does she turn restlessly on her pillow beside a sober, snoring spouse, and wonder, and wonder where the children's school books or the family flannels are to come from; but she drops into peaceful slumber to dream of her old love and wakes to wonder whether married life with him could ever have become the sordid, mesager affair which it is to so many husbands and wives."

On the occasion of a great feast given by Alexander II, in Russia some years ago, tables were provided, each capable of seating 30,000 people or so; fountains were running with Crimean wine; immense tanks were filled with kysas; and sheep and oxen were roasted whole before huge bonfires. The sight of the food was too much for the bowling appetites of the assembled crowd and long before the feast was ready a general scramble took place. The viands were trampled in the dust, many persons narrowly escaped being drowned in the vats of beer, and the czar's gifts were literally thrown to the winds.

The Spurgeon sermons by cable enterprise has petered out. They didn't pay. It is much cheaper to have Beecher's and Talmage's cut and dried orations mailed two or three days before they are delivered, and then published in the great morning dailies as special dispatches. It fools the unsophisticated, just as the patent outside does the country greenhorn, who brags on his home paper's enterprise "in getting in" so much news, and poetry and such truck.—[Yeoman.]

And here is a Sunday-school boy, who, when asked to stand up and say his verse, did it thus: "Be not overcome of evil, but come it over evil with good."

Visiting Our Country Cousins.

The season is with us when the city man, with his wife, his children and the servants, squares accounts with his cousins in the country. The latter individual has ten months of the year to call his own, but it shall not be the fault of his city relatives if he has any part and parcel of the other two. This is the metropolitan citizen's season, and he is given to improving it. The dewberries redden the hill-side; the raspberries, pink and delicate, hang full-fruited on the vine that clammers up the garden wall; the harvest apple grows golden with the amorous kisses of the warm June sun; the spring chicken has attained a fullness of days that ripen it for the broiler. Not unless his right hand has forgotten its cunning, or he has gone long on lard, will the city man permit these summer glories to perish from the earth and not be there to see and expedite their going.

All the world is going away, and why should he be immured within heated walls and walk on brazen streets when just beyond the blue line of hills that gird the city about, are peace and rest and purring brooks and spring lambs and the tender chicken, vegetables fresh with the odor of the earth about them, and all this for a pittance a week with careful attention thrown in for good measure?

There, on the carpet of bluegrass, under the spreading tree, he will loaf and enjoy his soul during the heated term, far from the city's dust and turmoil, its bill collectors and book agents, its amateur performances and all the other ills that make up the woes unutterable of a hot term in a city. He will forget these as he idles away the long days under the trees, and if he is young and susceptible, will make love to brown-faced, bright-eyed country lasses—God bless them every one—and make their dear little hearts very sad when the shorter days have come, and his face turns back toward the turmoil and worry and wait awaiting the coming back of the errant ones who have strayed along the country side.

These be the days when life is worth the living in a rare old country house. Lazily pass the days, and the nights, rarer than the poet's day in June, give back the fullest recompense when the drowsy god is wooed. While one could wish the evening concert of the querulous frog, just over the way by the banks of the pond, were more musical, yet his bass notes are unaccompanied by the fine tenor of the city mosquito, and this is something for which to give thanks. Though bats fly in at the open window, they are less harmful than the enterprising burglar who, equally uninvited, comes in at his city home to make free with his spoons and walk away with his purse and watch. Let it rain never so hard on the day set for the excursion with his pretty cousin, yet will no suspicion of water turn his mind away from the principles of prohibition and the fine theories of the temperance folk, when the cream-blaked milk is poured out at the table set on the lawn for the evening meal.

If, perchance, the staid old family carriage horse be innocent of better time than a mile in five minutes, he can get that from him without the young man from the livery stable calling the next day with his "four-dollars-an-hour" bill, as is the case when one has taken the drive down Chestnut street at home.

Though the mail arrives but once a week, he need not despair of the Republic, for has he not left the affairs of the nation in the hands of the gentlemen of the press, and are they not therefore safe?

Know, gentle reader, that none of these things herein set forth are for the man of the newspaper. For him there is no summer loitering. He remains at home and discovers Presidential candidates, writes about the tariff, and invents cheerful romances in order that your enjoyment may be perfect when the morning paper strays your way.

The newspaper man takes but one excursion to the country, and from that he never returns. When he has worn out his days his comrades carry what is left of him out to the cemetery and lay him down to rest. Then they go back to their work and speak kindly of the lost friend, but they write no obituary resolutions about him. Give them credit for that, and don't forget that now is the time to subscribe.—[Courier-Journal.]

J. H. Wade, No. 42 Water st., Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me of dyspepsia."

What the Louisville Democrat Would Like to Know.

How high Thos. L. Jones kicked before he fell into the arms of his noble kinsman, Richard A. Jones?

How a man who makes a claim to votes cast in violation of instructions from the Owen democracy in convention assembled, can consistently call the pot black?

How a man who withdraws his nag from a race on the home stretch can claim he ought to have the stake?

If it is unfair to win a nomination after all opponents have been retired from the race?

If a nomination by acclamation omits? and if so, where the cry of fraud comes in, except at the expense of the man who is badly enough demoralized to raise it?

Whether at the end of a call of counties delegates have not a right to change their votes, if they want to, and whether a presiding officer is not bound to give them a reasonable time and opportunity to do so?

Whether the water on the wheel of the mill will ever come back to grind another grist?

Gravelle's Wit.

When a printer puts his arms around his sweetheart he is going to press.

A pretty girl in a neat calico dress is the best thing we ever saw in print.

Walter Evans is climbing rapidly to fame. Already a negro baby has been named for him in this county.

A country church over in Indiana is all torn up over a charge of profanity brought against a young lady member. It appears that a young chap named Damm asked her to marry him, and her reply, on which the charge is based, was: "I'll be Dammed—if I do, sir."

A TYPE-SETTING WONDER.—An inventor of Hartford, Conn., has devised a type-setting machine which he claims will do the work of five men. It is about the size of an ordinary piano, with lettered keys, as the operator touches which, the types take their places with unfailing regularity. The work of distributing is done simultaneously with the typesetting and even more rapidly, so that the cases are always full of type. The chief difficulty heretofore has been in the justifying, but this has now been overcome and is done with twice the rapidity of the ordinary mode.—[Frank Leslie's Illustrated.]

WORD-PAINTING.—A woman's smile is thus described in a Hawaiian romance: "Her rich, red lips parted and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened, wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an over-hanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gazing intently at her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene."

IF HE HAD THE MEAL.—General John C. Lee tells of a captain in his command who seems to have been a sort of regimental Mark Tapley—always saying something cheery when everybody was down in the mouth. One night when the men came into camp wet, weary, miserable and starving—not a cracker left—the captain bustled about cheerfully and got a bright fire going and then rubbing his hands in the jolliest manner over the fire, he said: "Well, boys, if I had some milk I'd have some mush and milk, if I had some meal."

DENTISTRY AND LONGEVITY.—The introduction of dentistry has contributed wonderfully to longevity. Dr. Goddard, the popular Dean street dentist, Brooklyn, says that the prevention of decay in the mouth of those who give proper care to the teeth has unquestionably protected them from much sickness. He mentions the case of a boy in whose mouth he found thirty cavities as an illustration of his theory that disease in the teeth may be expected to corrupt the whole system.

A Maine newspaper states that at the little town of Sebec, at the outlet of Sebec Lake, Piscataquis county, in the interior, is a tooth-pick factory which is doing a large business, using over a thousand cords of poplar and birch wood annually, and turning out a two horse load of tooth-picks daily.

The next Congress will stand: House, 192 democrats, 120 republicans, 13 third parties. Senate, 38 republicans, 30 democrats, 2 "readjusters." Senator Edmunds was elected President of the Senate pro tem., and will preside at the next session.

How to Cure Headaches.

A new remedy for headaches has been found by Dr. Haley, an Australian physician, who says that for some years past he has found minimum doses of iodide of potassium of great service in frontal headache—that is, a heavy, dull headache, situated over the brow, and accompanied by languor, chilliness and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea—can be completely removed by a 2-grain dose dissolved in a wineglassful of water and this quietly sipped, the whole quantity being taken in about ten minutes. In many cases, he adds, the effect of these small doses has been simply wonderful, as, for instance, a person who a quarter of an hour before was feeling most miserable and refused all food, wishing only for quietness, would now take a good meal and resume his wonted cheerfulness. If this cure of Dr. Haley's is in reality a practical one, he will merit for the discovery the gratitude of suffering millions.

After a cruise of a few months in the South Pacific, a French man-of-war was recently found to have specimens of living corals growing upon her hull. The interesting discovery has thrown some light on the question of the rapidity of growth of corals. The evidence tends to show that the vessel, on passing a reef of the Gambiella islands, against which she rubbed, had picked up a young fungus, which adhered to the sheathing, and grew to a diameter of nine inches and a weight of two and one-half pounds in nine weeks.—[Popular Science News.]

A Pittsburgh jury gave a verdict against a railroad company for the amount of money stolen from a passenger in a sleeping car. "Since the defendant," said the judge, "sold a ticket for two dollars in addition to the regular rates of passage, and offered the facilities for sleeping as an inducement to pay the extra money, it bound itself to protect its patrons while they were asleep and for the time being helpless."

Captain Webb, the English swimmer who first swam across the British Channel, is now preparing to swim across the Niagara River below the Falls, so that he will pass by the famous whirlpool. These are strange investments that men make of their lives in the hope that they will receive back their lives and money besides. In this case the sum promised to Captain Webb will be paid to his wife if he is killed.

In Dr. Lawes's experiments potatoes were planted six successive years, some on land receiving no manure, and one piece receiving fourteen tons of barnyard manure per acre yearly. The field unmanured rapidly diminished in yield, as might be expected; but the fact most remarkable is that another field, with a dressing of 650 pounds of alkaline salts, produced a better crop than that which had the stable manure.

At the Chicago Railway Exposition is an engine just built for the Southern Pacific Railroad, which weighs, with coal and water 96 tons, and is designed for heavy service on unusual grades. On a level track it can draw all the freight cars that can be made to hold together by ordinary methods. Steam is required to work its reverse lever, and the locomotive itself is a mountain of strength and mechanical construction.

A man at Whitesburg, Whitley county, was convicted of murder a few days ago, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The Governor pardoned him on his arrival at Frankfort, and he returned home and has killed another man, which is the fourth one he has slain. The pardon is considered a great outrage.—[Somerset Reporter.]

Jay Gould is going to take a trip around the world, and if he likes it he will buy it.—[Puck's Sun.]

If he does Vanderbilt will order another one just like it, and then every Wall street millionaire will be ambitious to own at least an asteroid.—[Texas Siftings.]

A minister traveling through the west some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only act up to it."

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, or nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Investigator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

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A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevers and Sore Throat prevented by bathing with Darby's Fluid.

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I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scurvy Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—Wm. F. Stansford, Eyrer, Ala.

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Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. Larrow, Prof. Chemistry.

Darby's Fluid is recommended by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Rev. Chas. F. Deane, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.; Dr. LeClerc, Columbia, Prof. University, S. C.; Rev. A. J. Battey, Prof. Mercer University; Rev. Geo. F. Pierce, Bishop M. E. Church.

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THREE ACRES OF EGGS.—A Santa Barbara fisherman has discovered, near San Miguel Island, a smaller island, about three acres in extent, which is probably the largest nest of eggs in the world. The island is covered with a layer of guano in which sea fowls of all descriptions were found laying or incubating their eggs. The surface appeared to be almost covered with eggs, principally those of the sea gulls, shags, and a small bird known as the salt-water duck. The discoverer says it was difficult to walk without treading upon the eggs, and that it would be easy to load a ship with them.—[San Francisco Alta.]

Dr. Hoskins of Vermont says: "Very few persons know the productive-ness of the garden strawberry under good cultivation. I have picked as many as four two gallon basketfuls from a square rod at a single picking. Crops of 200, and occasionally over 200 bushels to the acre are reported, and 150 bushels are only a fair crop. At ten cents a quart the crop will give a return of \$470 per acre, more than half of which is clear profit."

W. H. McKinney, who is to deliver a Choctaw address at the commencement of Roanoke College on the 13th, is the first Indian of full blood to receive a degree from a Virginia college. He is twenty-three years old and has been at the college five years and intends to become a Presbyterian minister.—[Salem (Va.) Register.]

Ex-Gov. A. H. Rice, of Massachusetts, has been unfortunate in his love. His first wife died early. His wedding day was appointed with a second lady, but she died shortly before. He became engaged to a third lady, whom he married, but she became insane shortly afterwards.

A Chinaman made a bet of \$3 with one of his fellows that he could swim across the Sacramento river at Leding, and return. As he failed and went under, his opponent clapped his hands in great glee and quietly pocketed the stakes.

Fowler's Chicago "prime steam lard of the James Wright brand" is a compound of lard, hog fat, beef fat, sheep-fat, leavings from canned meats, and tallow. No testifies one of the workmen.

A smart young man picked up a flower in the hall room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "Tis the last rose of some her."—[Drummer.]

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle, at Penny & McAllister's.

S. W. Hopkins, of the L. & N. R. R. says: "I suffered from indigestion and ill feeling when Brown's Iron Bitters gave me immediate relief."

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